

"Dept. of Water and Power. Sir,
your rates have been raised to meet the
spiral. unless you can reimburse us with
\$5 by 8 a.m.
your water and power will be
shut off."

I turn the t.v. off
I turn the lights off
and go to bed.

the city of Los Angeles can no longer
afford to light its streets
at night.

outside one can hear
occasional gunfire
but it's very
sparse.

the price of bullets is
prohibitive.

the prime interest rate
has been raised to
17 percent, a hotdog costs
a dollar and a quarter.

the states of Colorado, Nevada and
Washington have been
purchased by the People's Republic of
China.

my woman has left me for a
richer man.

KISS ME

kiss me like you kissed Sam,
I said.

kiss me like you kissed Liza,
she said.

kiss me like you kissed Kevin,
I said.

kiss me like you kissed Tully,
she said.

kiss me like you kissed -- that actor --
what's his name?
I said.

kiss me like you kissed that ATD case,
she said.

kiss me like you kissed Dale,
I said,
and then kiss me like you kissed that
Japanese wrestler.

kiss me like you kissed Gerda,
she said,
and then kiss me like you kissed Bonnie.

I never kissed Bonnie,
I said.

you never kissed Bonnie?

hell no. kiss me like you've kissed all the guys
I haven't heard about lately --
guys under piers, at dances, on horseback, in poolhalls
and bowling alleys, at Mercedes-Benz, in closets,
waiting rooms, madhouses and gas stations ...

kiss me, she said, like you've kissed all the whores in
the world ...

umm, she said, that's good
we've really been fucking around
too much.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles CA

ALL THE BOYS

are at the Vagabond Inn Motel & Coffee Shop
again this morning. We bum cigarettes and
interrupt each other. The smoke rises
to the ceiling and is trapped by
an ionosphere of pronouns.

Outside the black guys are emptying wastebaskets
and giving the power sign and laughing about
last night.

Every time the phone rings we all look up
expecting to be summoned by Miss September
or one of those Hollywood starlets or
somebody else's wife